




THE QUAD

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EDITORIAL

Quad, in publishing student creative work, is a witness to a faith in the ability of college students to produce writing that will be acceptable to the critical reader. The idea behind such a magazine is twofold: to publish student works, and, by such publication, to allow the critical functions of the writer to develop from the stimulus of seeing his work in print.

Quad follows the smaller, more experimental verse-pamphlet, **Blurb**, and is conceived to imply a value-judgment upon the selections printed; the staff has rated these as worthy.

This edition of **Quad** is dedicated to Mrs. John Rembert in recognition of her service as director of Fine Arts Week at Birmingham—Southern College and of her manifold contributions to the several forms of campus artistic endeavour: to **Quad** itself; to the ballet; to College Theater; to the Art Department; and to the students who have found her a willing sponsor of student activities, such as Art Students' League and Catspaw.

Mrs. Rembert was born in Birmingham, and is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. U.S. Pitts. She received her education in Alabama public schools, including Phillips High School in Birmingham, and graduated from Athens High School. She spent two years in Athens College and then attended Alabama College, receiving an A.B. degree with highest honors.

Mrs. Rembert has an M.A. degree in Fine Arts and Fine Arts Education, from Columbia University and an M.A. degree from the University of Wisconsin in Art History.

All of this qualifies her as an interesting and challenging classroom teacher. Mrs. Rembert has held positions in the art departments of Meredith College, Raleigh, North Carolina; of Beloit College, Beloit, Wisconsin; and of the Boston, Massachusetts, College of Art.

The cover design of **Quad** is the fine work of Mrs. Rembert.

From the inspiring personality of Virginia Rembert we, the **Quad** staff, now direct you to turn these pages and view:

Q U A D !

QUAD

LITERARY MAGAZINE

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BIRMINGHAM-SOUTHERN COLLEGE

MAN OF COURAGE

Dwight Isbell

Ernest Hemingway made a big splash when he died, the newspapers put him in the headlines and magazines gave him spreads of twenty-plus pages.

Ernest Miller Hemingway had come a long way from Oak Park, Illinois.

His father was a doctor and a sportsman. His mother sang in the choir at the First Congregational Church and named all her daughters after saints, she was a pillar of society, that woman. Ernest went on professional visits with his father and saw births and deaths and he played football and wrote stories and gave up the cello and got eight lines in the yearbook;

none were more clever than Ernie.

Higher education did not appeal to Hemingway. He didn't want to go to college.

He got a job on the Kansas City *Star* and studied its famous style sheet use short sentences use short first paragraphs . . . and he didn't forget his lessons, he was a good reporter. He asked for the hospital beat and chased ambulances

to scenes of violence.

Hemingway entered the war as a driver of ambulances on the Italian front.

(He wanted to prove his courage, he wanted excitement.)

He could smell death and hear death and see death but death couldn't touch him and he wanted to get into the trenches, he was afraid he was afraid of death

so he carried sweets to the soldiers and was hit by a mortar and wounded in two-hundred and thirty-seven places.

Ernest Hemingway didn't die.

So he went back home and talked about dying:

he had smelled and seen and heard and felt and feared so much death.

He made a speech at his high-school and waved a pair of shrapnel-ridden trousers \

He thought he had proved his courage.

He called all the men who stayed at home cowards.

Ernest Hemingway met Sherwood Anderson in Chicago. Anderson was a willing teacher.

Ernest met Hadley Richardson in Chicago. She was willing

so they married and went to Europe.

Hemingway wrote articles for the *Toronto Star* and met Gertrude Stein who was willing to tutor him in the elements of art and literature.

He began to write virile stories and have them published.

He wrote a best-seller.

He lampooned Sherwood Anderson, divorced Hadley, and called Gertrude Stein a bitch.

(Gertrude Stein had called him yellow.)

Hemingway married Pauline Pfeiffer. They lived in Key West and Hemingway fished and shot ducks and boxed four rounds with the heavyweight champion of Great Britain.

All who challenged his courage repaired to a hospital to regret their folly.

He caught a 468-pound marlin and had a species of rosefish (*Neormarinthe hemingwayi*) named after him.

Hemingway was very proud.

Spain was a country Hemingway loved, there he could watch the bulls killed. He left Key West and *Esquire* and worked to save Spain from the Fascists. He wrote a book affirming his faith in democracy and mankind and brotherhood.

The week it was published Pauline Pfeiffer divorced him for desertion.

World War II came and Hemingway went in as a correspondent (Ernie Hemorrhoid, the poor

man's Pyle)

and he captured a town for the allies
and was very nearly court-martialed
and he saw all the death and violence
and he won a medal for his courage.

After 1945 there was no more war and Hemingway went to Cuba to live quietly but he had already been shot in both hands and both feet and both knees and had been wounded in the head.

He wrote a book about the war.

The critics panned it.

(To hell with the critics.)

He won the Nobel Prize and the Pulitzer Prize for his powerful rugged prose
but Hemingway was growing old,
he had an illness;
he was afraid he would die a slow ungraceful death.

He was the man of courage:

he was the man of violence and action.

On July 3, 1961,

Ernest Hemingway blew off the top of his head with a shotgun.

THE EGOTIST

Elizabeth F. Sulzby

Circles on tabula rasa,
The moving finger meets
Obstacles; he smote a child
And a man rose
Gashed by the sceptre.
He spurned a girl
And an Andromache smiled
Back from the altar.

Taut nerves twinge to the roll
As the young one so fresh
From the womb plays his call.
Succinct and clear the drummer
Drums and the sirens sing.

A thousand shall fall
And it will crush thee.
(It's not the wine you mind,
It's the fair linen cloth.)

Move on, look ahead, salt or
Mate of Pluto's own,
You beg the imperative
And are fated to fail.
Pandora's box did not evolve
A drum but a guitar.

That last escapee sired
A generation of drummers
That, seek thee, that seek thy face,
Ο Κάλιστος ζιζάνκολος, Experience,
You claim too much.

THE CHURCH PICNIC

Stanley Burnett

The gray sky was omni-ominous-potent,
But we, carrying our stiff-backed Cokesburys,
Going past the tomb with the rock still in place,
Must prevail. (All hail, I see the Smiths made it.)

Bill and Bub slipped and fell into the creek,
Or so Milt said, and shy little Jack climbed
Into the sycamore tree trying to impress Cristina
And fell and twisted his ankle, and sweet little Charity
Ate her loaf bread and sardines and promptly vomited,
And soon thereafter everyone went home.

THE SURF

Charles Gaines III

Georgie yawned and stretched winterwhite arms to the heat of the mid-morning, summer sun, It was June, an especially hot June for Belfast, and the Surf pounded frothy, warm and wet; everyday against the rocks. The boy was tall for ten with long, loosely jointed arms, a shock of rusty hair and a wide, open face. In tee shirt and shorts he stood smiling vaguely at the dainty, cerulean sky, and flipped a shiny sixpence, which fell back to him everytime; even in the tempo of the surf. Finally, inhaling a huge chunk of air, as if resolved, he stepped off the neat, well clipped lawn on which he had been standing and walked away toward the culvert which ran the length of two blocks to town. The Waves fell heavily on the Coast.

He had been raised well; all the town folks agreed Eloise had done a marvelous job. Taught to fear God and love the Virgin, to value money and respect the Queen; Georgie had been for ten years enveloped in the smothering, effeminate care of his dead mother's sister. The old lady had tried in every way to be a good guardian; and had, in most, succeeded, Georgie was never hungry, he had clothes, he went to school, he had never experienced ugliness in any form and he knew nothing of Nature.

He walked pussy-foot along the culvert; he tipped, he topped, he swayed. He fought the meanest bulls in all of Spain, and danced with the pretty ladies of France. He was glad to be out of the old house with all its china, and furniture with skinny legs; its dusty pictures of Irish heroes and smells like old cheesecloth. This was his day, seven hours for him and Henny boy to laugh and talk and let the sand fall easily. Aunt El had given him a coin for the tram to his piano lesson but Mrs. Poole was sick and instead of telling El, he had decided to use the money for something else this time; something special, something his dad would have liked, strong and free and away from women. His dad, Georgie thought, had never liked women and their weaknesses. George O'Conner had lived, as far as the boy could remember, and died a man's way – violently, knowingly, embracing universal strength. A man, a gut, no cog; Irish and proud to his core he was. Georgie loved his ideal. He wanted life as a lover. And the Surf pounded frothy, warm and wet; everyday against the rocks.

Dancing off the culvert, he whistled softly to himself thinking of the way the clover would smell and how the opening morning-glories, like many pretty mouths would smile up at him. And best of all the sea, the clean, pure, manly sea – the first time this year – Thalassa, he knew from school, Thalassa, swirling green around him. The sea is a man he thought, and smiled again, secretly.

Around the corner came old Mac and his horse: the eternal milkman. It was a bright day, a sparkling, clean day — full of children and horses and sunshine. Georgie wondered how hard were the helmets that the bicycling policeman wore. He turned his head at the sight of a wagon mangled dog and thought of the sheep grazing, moonlit and peaceful on the slopes of Worchester, and the herd boy's call to the strays; the inundated terraces of the valley in Autumn and the folksongs the Irish sing during planting. He thought of the cold, November nights when stew and Irish broth would boil pungently in the iron kettles, biting acridly into the frost, and how a Cod comes up brown and wide eyed, surprised and soft. Of the gentleness of kittens at play and the harmony of a sewing bee; of the raw, strange power of a mating bull and the leafy feel of fern; of a jonquil's tender leafed throat and the jolt from a Rembrandt landscape; of the mesmerism of Wagner and the tonal beauty of Yeats; of the feel of summer softness and the legislative, feminine bite of winter, the speckled hush of Autumn and the mauves and pinks of Spring; ten times around, had Georgie been formed, sculptured, produced. He smelled a sewer under him, running beneath the street and remembered the smells of slow, pure-dripping honey, poured from wooden vats; of the tangy smell of pickles in the big glass jars; of pigs roasting above dead leaves; of heavy comfort in a stable and wispy daintiness of violets. He was alone, but loved he much, as the Waves fell heavily on the Coast.

He knocked twice on the big oak door of a two story frame house and waited only a second before Henny boy poured out, laughing and tugging at his belt. A smaller but stockier boy, blond and fresh, Henny was vibrant, exciting, ready.

"Hey Geo, got your message, so where's it to?"

"Gotta sixpence Henny, lets do the beach — out there and back."

"Trams up the road a bit, here we go."

Four blocks up the road Georgie presented the shiny sixpence, somewhat reluctantly, to the blue coated man at the window in payment for two, bright yellow stubs. As he handed a ticket to Henny boy he felt suddenly sad. The Surf pounded frothy, warm and wet against the rocks.

The tram wound serpentine through the suburbs of Belfast and burst with an effort through the shanty littered outskirts of the town into the Irish green of the lowlands, behind which lay the ocean; glaucous, reflective, disinterested. The two stepped off the tram at Timothy, looked at each other in surprise of their daring and ran headlong the three hundred yards to the beach. Henny was the first to hit the water, canvas shoes and shirt dropped behind him. Georgie, a little behind the other boy, stopped on the fringe of surf making a long line of snowy bubbles down the beach, and looked around

him. There was no one else there — Timothy was deserted, except for the profusion of old cans, bottles, wrappers and packages left lying on the sand which was itself tinted brownish gray by countless dirty feet and uncompromising rains which brought the black Irish loam down the streams to stain the sand. Two hundred yards to the right jutted out a promontory of hard, black silkstone, piled in cloud fashion, billowing over each other. They resounded with each slap of the tide as the Waves fell heavily on the Coast. The sun had gotten higher, the day brighter, and Georgie saw Sahara, gleam-white and searing in the African sun, but terraced delicately with islands of liquid emerald which glowed from deeply effervescent energies of their own. Georgie saw no bottles, no refuse, only the sites of huck-a-buck played around the rocks, and holes the giant sea turtle makes when nocturnally and under the influence of moon, it lays its eggs. He saw the pretty lives of all the people who had stood where he was standing flowing by: the little girl who had practiced ballet and was kind to her aged grandmother; the office worker, steady, surfeit with worry, yet living masculinity; and mothers whose only job was loving. He saw incarnate in the beach, the water and the sun, all the loves of a thousand people, all the beauty of a whitewashed day. There were no rusted cans, no dirty sand for Georgie; and the Surf pounded frothy, warm . . .

“Hey Georgie, what are you doing? Water’s great — blinking cold . . . there’s a porpoise out here, come on.” Henny’s voice trailed off over the waves. Georgie stood for a moment more, ecstatically sad, stripped off his shirt and swam leisurely out to Henny boy. The two boys bobbed and and laughed in the water, playing young and calling to the spectre seagulls, flying overhead. Henny was a bit the older of the two, yet in many ways not so old. His attitude was one of animated resignation and the two boys, dismetrically, were compatible and enjoyed a smooth, unquestioning relationship. Occasionally, however, one subject would ruffle between the two and an instantaneous but temporary argument would flare.

“Georgie, you see Hilda Dillon today, walking up in front of Grady’s? The older boys say she kisses ‘em.” The remark was casual but pointed. Georgie set his jaw and turned around in the water pretending indifference. “I sure wish she’d kiss us, huh Georgie boy; wonder what it’s like?”

The younger boy, disturbed and silent, started paddling toward the shore.

“I’m going up to the rocks,” he mumbled and speeded up his stroke. He hit the sand in a half run, breathing hard and murmuring to himself. In front of Henny’s cries of apology he reached the rocks and clambered breathlessly to the top, then slid down on his backside to the crevice between the two walls of silkstone. The gap was large and multicornered, being folded and warped into many angles.

Georgie sat for moment catching his breath, hurt, as always, by Henny boy's attack. He was alone, but loved he much, as the Waves fell heavily on the coast. The old remembered picture of his Aunt in a red terrycloth bathing suit wedged in among his confused thoughts. Abruptly it was abnegated as he thought instead of the starched crispness of her aprons and the spicy smells of her kitchen. And the Surf pounded frothy . . . He smiled softly to himself and for the first time glanced up at the opposite slab of rock. A man stood over him. Dressed in filthy rags, unshaved and wild haired, the man seemed irretrievably imbedded in dirt. His slack, flaccid jowls hung permanently open around six or seven blackened stumps of teeth and his huge, pink, hairy hands twitched convulsively from time to time. Georgie found himself unable to take his eyes off these hands; like pink mice, lost in a forest of hair, they scuddled nervously: closing and opening, opening and closing. The Waves fell heavily . .

"Well look what the waves threw in — a little boy? or a girl? Naa — a boy girl; a soft little boy girl — knew I was lonesome huh — got the bites. I been dyin' for somethin' bloody soft — Almost had meself a bird the other day; to fast was the little bugger though. Birds ain't like boygirls though are they? There's a nice one now; can you whimper a bit for Pattie?"

Georgie watched the huge, pink mice sit slowly down on his ankles and felt, very vaguely, the hot, reeking breath close on his face. Daffodils disappeared and roses ran for cover. He knew he hated Henny. And the Surf pounded frothy, warm and wet; everyday against the rocks.

In life as in the total of it all, a little pain must win.

GENESIS

Charles Gaines III

Softly, softly from the right, echo in,
As scratching slate on glass,
The whimperings of birds.
And in crescendo then the sounds begin
To flow from every pore of blue
Stretched taut as sheepskin
Punctured ragged by a molten, searing hole.

He lies in sunlight warm,
Chest and shoulders glistening, and fingering
Green shoots of grass beneath his palm,
And fingering green shoots of grass beneath his palm.

She lies in rosewood powder calm,
White and dappled, pink and soft,
She rubs the silk beneath her hand,
And staying longer, rubs the silk beneath her hand.

The muddy currents flow between.
The violet rainbow murmurs to
The mourning dove to fly across
And take the song of fresh, green shoots,
And rub the silk beneath its down,
And staying longer, rub the silk beneath its down.

Now tenderly the stags lie back,
The thick fish come shining dark,

And the bells and drums are quiet.
The Lady lifts the porous veil, gently
From hungry eyes, and blood begins to flow –
Painfully at first –
But captivating, like the dirge of monks.

SAPPHO

Jon Faust

An island torn,
Link of Delos
Archipelago,
Drifts in wine
And night of wave,
In wash of sand
And whispers shell.
Flame and flicker smoke
The marble air and pagan
Oil and toga.
Pale worship
Laughter weighted,
Dull and late . . .
And Sappho walks
Into the night.
She, the wash and prayer,
The man of love and sand,
Cries above the sea,
And wet of moon and rain
She drinks the grape
Of night and vine of moon.
Soaring into heaven,
Holy bacchanal.
Her wine, the night
And the love of night,
Caress of sea
And whispers of the island.
From the shell, music,
Dancing, prophecy.
Here is refuge and the cliff,
And the cliff is by the sea.
Here is whisper,
Voice of god;
Here is sand
Without a sea.

"THE FLEA" AND METAPHYSICAL VERSE

Sena Jeter

In several respects metaphysical verse is like a ride through a carnival spook house: the roughness of the metrical rails jolts the reader who does nothing but "travel through" the poem; strange images startle us and disappear, or we view a single figure in a variety of lights and postures. Seldom is the logic of the poem a straightway from door to door; rather, it often turns abruptly (here a reader may spill from the cart, and he who makes the turns can hardly predict where he will come out – certainly, it is never where he came in.) To enjoy any respectable spook house, we pay twice: at the gate we leave the coin stamped "Beyond the Literal lies the Ridiculous"; inside we must be alert to relish the controlled surprises. And the designer has a certain obligation to us; if he has not controlled the surprises, we will find ourselves in a mad house.

In "The Flea" John Donne has smoothed the track – the lines are remarkably regular – all the better to sling us around the convolutions of the logical matter. The poem should be re-read now with special attention for exactly what (1) the flea and (2) its death symbolizes. Does (1) = (2)?

THE FLEA

John Donne

Marke but this flea, and marke in this,
How little that which thou deny'st me is;
It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea, our two bloods mingled bee;
Thou know'st that this cannot be said
A sinne, nor shame, nor losse of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoys before it wooe,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas, is more than wee would doe.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where wee almost, yea more than maryed are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our mariage bed, and mariage temple is:
Though parents grudge, and you w'are met,
And cloystered in these living walls of Jet.
Though use make you apt to kill mee,
Let not to that, selfe murder added bee,
And sacrilege, three sinnes in killing three.

Cruell and sodaine, hast thou since
Purpled thy nails, in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty bee,
Except in that drop which it suckt from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st and saist that thou
Find'st not thy selfe, nor mee the weaker now;
'Tis true, then learns how false, feares bee;
Just so much honor, when thou yeeld'st to mee,
Will wast, as this flea's death tooke life from thee.

Reading the poem must serve (quite properly) as the reader's experience inside the spook house. In the analysis we shall cheat as much as possible to find out how the poet has engineered the performance. So – we'll begin by flipping on the lights and by backtracking from the exit.

The last lines of the poem are obviously the "cinch" of a would-be-seducer's case.

Just so much honor, when thou yeeld'st to mee,
Will wast, as this flea's death tooke life from thee.

Furthermore, the case depends upon the flea: the crushing of the flea is equated with her yielding, and her honor with her life. A first level paraphrase of the lines might read, "The amount of honor you'll lose when you submit will equal the amount of your own life which you felt lost when you mashed the flea." Because the woman herself has just said that the flea's death has not affected her, his statement should be significant. But it should be noted that the woman intends her statement to show that she is in control of the situation, and that she says, "No."

Actually, she is in control not at all, for this statement, as well as all the action revealed in the poem, is just what the narrator expects. Not only has he led her to say the death of the flea is ineffectual; he has also led her to kill the flea. In the first lines he points out the flea with a warning; "Only notice the flea," he says. However, the narrator realizes the flea is doomed from the moment he points it out. Having this knowledge he speaks so that its death would prove his point. After he draws attention to the flea on the girl's body, he says, "Oh stay" (the girl has doubtlessly raised her hand to pinch the flea). Sometime during the monologue of the second stanza, she kills the flea.

She feels that she is denying the marriage of their blood inside the flea, but the poet re-uses her words to support his argument; part of the unanswerableness of his "cinch" comes from the manipulation of guilt and innocence. Apparently, the poet has tried to relate himself and the girl with the flea. Indeed stanza two would unify the three. Since the flea here represents their marriage, destroying the flea would be a sin, sacrilege. Yet, I have said that the poet relies on the flea's being killed. What, then, is the logic of the argument to which the flea's death is the desired end? For his "cinch" statement to be really significant the man cannot merely re-use the woman's words; he must establish a real likeness between the flea's death and her yielding. In the second stanza he speaks only of what has occurred inside the flea; he builds it up as something innocent, something sacred. When the girl says she does not feel guilty over the flea's death, he would have her think that she should not be affected by what the flea has done. According to Elizabethan word usage, the flea dies twice in the poem. The girl admits the physical death of the flea is unimportant; the poet makes her say that the original action is also unimportant. Not feeling guilty about being a party in the flea's physical death becomes not feeling guilty about being a party in the flea's first death — which is a representation of the sex act.

In backtracking from our logical position at the end of the poem, it appears that much of Donne's poem consists of intellectual manoeuvres; however, in the performance of a successful poem we must look for something beyond the logic, but which grows out of and back into the logic. In short, we may expect each part to contribute toward the completeness of the whole poem, and the removal of that part to remove some of the coherence of the poem. In tracing the logic we found that it often takes from the ambiguity of a statement a new direction. The foundation for everything in the poem is a paradox: "Since I want you to kill the flea, I'll tell you not to." Therefore, it is natural to expect the forcing together of apparent opposites to occur throughout the poem. When a poet works with ambiguity and paradox, the poem usually becomes alive with the tension between the parts. The poem is always at the point of breaking into a ridiculous heap, yet the poet keeps adding to the structure and maintains the balance.

The poet begins dangerously close to what most of us would term ridiculous: he uses a loathsome and insignificant flea to make love to a girl. (Imagine: "My love is like a blood-suck'n flea.") Fortunately, he approaches the comparison indirectly by calling attention to the flea's insignificance.

Marke but this flea, and marke in this
How little that which thou deny'st me is;

The *little* of the second line relates immediately to the size of the flea. But the poet also counts on

the repugnance the girl will feel for the flea's act — which makes what he would do more attractive. Yet the acts have some real relationship. Thus the poet both contrasts and compares. To make the girl feel secure he mentions in the first stanza three ways that the girl is saying "No." We realize that he probably makes up the fact that "It suck'd me first." But the idea permits him to describe a mingling of blood that is not "sinne, nor shame, nor losse of maidenhead." As the stanza ends, the three rhyming lines tighten the established pattern of three rhyming couplets; and the tone is one of heightened intensity — at least for the first two lines of the triplet. With the third the poet decides it is not yet time, and assumes a more relaxed, patient, nearly resigned air.

And this, alas, is more than wee would doe.

We have already noted that action occurs outside the poem and is reflected in his "Oh stay." Immediately he picks up the idea of the innocence of the act which he began in stanza one. (Probably the girl is most worried about the "rightness" of what he asks.) Here he offsets the actual inappropriateness of the flea as a love symbol by connoting a relationship of the flea to the Godhead and all holiness. (Whether the poem could maintain its balance and withstand such an elevation if it were by denotation rather than connotation need not be discussed here. However, I doubt that it could.) The second stanza is one of triumph over the girl's grudging parents and herself: inside the flea their blood is mingled, and the flea itself becomes (1) themselves (2) their marriage bed (3) their marriage temple. The holiness of the union suggested in *temple* is continued in *cloystered*. (The three-lives-in-one echoes the idea of God in three person.) Furthermore, in a cloister the girl would find, in addition to holiness, seclusion from the world, and it is the world's standards which make her hesitate now. In the triplet of the second stanza the narrator adopts a tone of "sweet reason." "Though use make you apt to kill mee," emphasizes her ascendancy.

The two questions of the third stanza precipitate her statement which the poet twists to his own purpose, as we have seen. "Purpled thy naile, in blood of innocence" suggests the crucifixion, (with purple, not red, perhaps bearing the usual connotation of royalty.) The flea is guilty only as it takes the sins of the girl upon itself — she has been "apt to kill" the narrator with unkindness. (Does Donne go so far as to say the sex act will be a sort of communion done in remembrance of the flea? Probably not, for he turns to the girl and pretends to believe she has triumphed.) In the closing triplet, he abruptly changes his argument, takes her side and wins. (Perhaps it is unfair to say he wins; at any rate, his un rebutted statement is the last of our experience in this House of Donne.)

Throughout this inspection we have adopted that attitude that the structure is well engineered; we have examined the ways in which it is unified. Yet, after we turned from the examination of the logic we found that the major element in our ride had been reviewed. The poem is more a poem of concepts than of things. When imagery is used, it is well used, but through too much of the poem we can only sit and wait for the next turn with nothing at which to look. The pronouns of the first stanza with their vague references are particularly bare. The poet succeeds in building a house which contains and balances tension, but we may wish that he had been a little more daring — that is, tried the poem, made it richer by being more "thing-y."

Finally, something should be said about the opening assumption of this paper. The closing lines probably are those of a "would-be-seducer"; however, they may also be at the same time, the words of a man who sincerely questions the idea of the world's honor and how it is related to divine wish. Thus, the language of reflection (which is rarely imagistic) may serve dramatically, after all. Certainly, in this additional light the poem becomes a more complex (and "rewarding") performance.

TWAIN (IN SIX PARTS)

Don Kitzmiller

I.

My heart is wooded round
By mossy banks and sound
Of wren and thrush.

In spring from the mountain sponge
Of sand and lime, waters plunge,
And birds from coveys, flush.

My fingers, safe with watered line,
Dance, like cool fog upon my spine,
Confident of the mirrored flash.

Arms, calm yet tense, in the same
Spirit's quickening of God's own game,
Await the beginning splash.

My eyes, tendered to the water sprite,
Whether shadowed still or searing bright,
Applaud the courageous thrust.

Yet here my wood is concrete round
And only mechanistic automatons sound.

II.

Square upon square,
Round on round,
This is the city.

Bent and bowed,
Twisted and turned.
This is no city.

III.

Shards of life strewn
Carelessly, fearlessly -----

Yards of death stacked
Carefully, fearfully -----

And yet, you ask, "Whose way is best?"

Twain (Continued)

IV.

"Brave fish!" I thought, "this is your Gilgamesh."
Eben fought the wheel, his tire seeking flesh.
"You're quite a bass, my God, what strength."
The figure jumped — the auto stretched full length.
Fighting done, the bass lay calm in the limp net.
Like a transfusion, child to cement, and the pavement running
wet.
"I thought I'd lost you, my most courageous foe."
Eben thought, "I'd have missed him, if he hadn't moved just
so!"
"He was so very brave, I'll put him back."
"My head aches remembering that crack."
"I wonder what his brothers will think; him coming back alive."
His ball had bounced into the street, and he was only five.

V.

From the mountain peak Yaweh cried:
"Ye shall sink or ye shall swim"
And only the fish remained . . .

VI.

Blood and Bile. Humors all together;
Like silver phantoms seeking
Their love in darkened waters, or heather,
Mountain-ringed, to roll in keeping
With a frisky fawn or goats
Mating impatiently with lusty cries
That echo soft, then bursting, from throats
Whose pleading, their boasting belies.
Could such a blend,
With things so bolted down,
Through these metered peaks,
Be wend, here, in this Heart,
Through this Bile, where Nature shrugs and shrinks
To quieter valleys as all around the sun slowly sinks?

ARIADNE

Anonymous

She gapes across the teddy room in grievance and in grief,
And speaks upon her face in woe, "I'd rather been a thief.
"The thief his way can compensate his evil in the end;
"But when, my dear, you sell yourself you live hereaft in sin.
"And in the end you sit alone to booth and by yourself —
"So like a stale banana on a dark and fiery shelf."

TELESCOPE

Elizabeth F. Sulzby

Well, now. Our little lady's crying.
A cruel boy left her
Some twelve nights ago
And she's disturbed.
It's not as if he were
Her true love, at least not yet,
But he left her — her, at fifteen,
Vivacious and sparkle-eyed, with the brightest,
If not the world's highest, star.

There, there, calm, calm, the phrase
Is: "He's not the only one,"
The phase is on-the-brink,
And *you*, little lady, are not one
But two, so rejoice!
Banish the funereal traces.
After all, it's not as if you
Might not get another love,
Might sleep through the once-for-always.

She's over it now, wounds heal
Swiftly in the short years;
It's rather ridiculous to see
Such rebirth from such depths.
I really cannot conceive, believe
You the same mourner — and mourned —
Soul I knew a week ago.
Was it romantic in God's acre
Before you, Judas-kissed, awaked?

t h e
S P E C T A T O R :

by
L / R

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat. —Horace

No. 1

Monday, February 5, 1962

I have recently returned from an extended sojourn at one of the realm's most highly-esteemed seats of learning, **Select Society University**, and am greatly impressed with the traditions of the place. I know I presume upon the good will and innate modesty, the signal virtues of this faultless institutions, when I disclose the many virtues of its inmates. I remember with great pleasure the demure demeanor of its head, and the self-effacing humility of its various members when I mentioned the great warmth with which my fellow townspeople regard **Select Society University**. How delighted I was to find, however, a strong sense of obligation to the dictates of logic, for after having heard my praise, the scholarly gentlemen gracefully bowed to my judgement as beyond argument.

On either hand the eye meets the characteristic absence of pomp; rather, **Select Society University** occupies itself with the training of creative thinkers. I was most nearly overwhelmed by the ingenious titles these creative thinkers produced for **S. S. U.**'s several buildings: "The Cafeteria," "The Bookstore," "The Men's Dormitory," etc. Indeed, as I sat in a great lecture hall, I watched a hundred heads bent over paper and pencils, endeavoring to capture every word the great scholar said, never once halting in their exhaustingly creative work to ask trivial questions.

The logical manner of the university eventually extended even to me, a mere visitor, and I found myself reflecting that it was no wonder that the students were such exemplars of originality and enthusiasm when their master showed these qualities to quite an amazing degree. Upon attending a weekly conclave, distinguished for the remarkable degree of rapport between audience and speaker, I heard him make a reserved and unpretentious statement of the university's place in the community. Having delivered a soundly-applauded paragraph on "broadening the intellectual horizons of our minds" so that the university might serve as a "community conscience in an atmosphere of Christian commitment," he concluded by urging the now frenzied students to put their ideals into action. To a man, the students agreed that the best way to do this was to maintain a suitable decorum at all times and to shun public attention, strong though their sympathies with lesser causes might be.

I found no fault with either mentors or pupils in the matter of personal modesty and lowliness. Essentially democratic, the students denounced by their very behavior the superficial sort of discrimination one might expect to find on a campus of lesser integrity. I found that student opinion tolerated a wide range of styles in dress so that one might find a youth in a blouse of any color, so

long as it was of a paisley print and possessed the appropriate number of buttons.

My amazement increased as I found this institution to be a near-perfect model of democracy. As pertains to the numerous small social clubs in the university, membership was selective only in the minor matters of birth, appearance and worldly goods. No mere masker of fraud could delude the sharp wits and alumni battalions of these groups.

Though I diligently sought to detect a semblance of pride in the manner of any of the professors, my efforts were in vain. Though in possession, many of them, with the highest degree awarded to students of their specialty, they dismissed their achievements with casual grace and insisted that they be addressed as "Mr." They expended a great amount of effort to keep secret the fact that a great part of the faculty had made successes of themselves in various fields of knowledge, to the extent that even now I tremble, having displayed their trophies in such a vulgar manner.

So eager are they that are in authority to squelch any display of pride that they employ a corps of advertisers lesser in number than any of the departments other than those of French, history, Latin, Greek, geology, physics, art economics, chemistry, geography and astronomy.

I returned to my quarters with a profound feeling of relief, for my fears for the future of my country had been allayed by sight of a band of determined, loyal young people receiving their charts of their future from such expert map-makers. To them I extend the thanks of my countrymen, for surely such people, rooted in the traditions of their land and constantly pointed to the goals of Productivity and Progress, will endure the small trials life will offer.

Anita Tully

Students of English Literature will recognize the sometimes comic, sometimes biting satire of Joseph Addison and Richard Steele in this modern-version of a Spectator paper. The L/R of this number is Anita Tully. Miss Tully wrote this paper in an advanced English course, The Ages of Dryden and Pope, and the editors are pleased to conclude this edition of Quad with the controlled, urbane prose of a Neo-Eighteenth Century Spectator.

